

CALYPSO
AND
TELEMACHUS.
AN
OPERA.

Perform'd at the
QUEEN'S THEATRE
IN THE
HAY-MARKET.

Written by Mr. *HUGHES*.

The Musick compos'd by Mr. GALLIARD.

L O N D O N,

Printed for E. Sanger, at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*
in *Fleetstreet*. 1712. Price One Shilling.

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To Her G R A C E

T H E

Dutcheſs of HAMILTON.

M A D A M,

IT is ſome Years ſince Your Grace, with a Condeſcenſion peculiar to Your Self, was pleas'd to Honour ſome very imperfect Eſſays of mine with Your Notice and Approbation: You were likewise pleas'd at that time in the moſt generous Manner to ſignifie, that if I ſhou'd offer any thing of this nature to the Publick, I might have leave to hope for Your Encouragement and Protection.

This has given me the Boldneſs to lay hold of the firſt Occaſion which preſented

it self of acknowledging the Obligation which then made so grateful an Impression on me. And I am proud to own at the same time, that the Duke of *Hamilton's* early Promoting of this Opera has been a great Means of its appearing now on the Theatre.

As Your Grace's elegant Taste in the Polite Arts has been particularly favourable to the Entertainments of the Stage, so You have been pleas'd to Honour with the Marks of Your Distinction such of them as have been the most Inoffensive and Moral. This is the best Title the following Opera can have to Your Grace's Acceptance, to which it is offer'd with the most profound Respect, by,

Madam,

Your Grace's

most obedient, and

most humble Servant,

JOHN HUGHES.

P R E F A C E.

THE following OPERA is as an Essay for the Improvement of Theatrical Musick in the English Language, after the Model of the Italians.

It is certain, that this Art has for a considerable time flourish'd in Italy in greater Perfection than in any other Country. As the Grecians were formerly the Masters in Architecture, Sculpture, Painting and Musick, whose Rules and Examples were follow'd by other Nations, the Italians are generally allow'd to be so now. It is some Years that the Musick of our Theatre has been almost wholly supply'd by them. Their most celebrated Opera's have been introduc'd among us, and a generous Encouragement has been given to such as came over, and perform'd Parts in them on the English Stage. By this Means the Entertainments of Italy are become familiar to us; and our Audiences have heard the finest Compositions and Performances of Rome and Venice, without the Trouble of travelling to those Places.

I am not of the Opinion of those who impute this Encouragement given to Italian Musick, to an Affectation of every thing that is Foreign. I wou'd rather ascribe it to the ingenuous Temper of the British Nation, that they are willing to be instructed in so elegant an Art by the best Examples. But after this Justice done to others, there is likewise a Justice due to our selves. It cou'd never have been the Intention of those, who first promoted the Italian Opera, that it shou'd take the entire Possession of our Stage, to the Exclusion of every thing of the like kind, which might be produc'd here. This wou'd be to suppress that Genius which Foreigners so commonly applaud in the English, who if they are not always the Inventors of Arts, are yet allow'd to be no ill Learners, and are often observ'd to improve that Knowledge, which they first receiv'd from others.

I know not how it comes to be a late Opinion among some, that English Words are not proper for Musick. That the English Language is not so soft and full of Vowels as the Italian, is

rea-

readily granted ; yet this does not prove, that it is therefore incapable of Harmony. Let it be consider'd, whether too great a Delicacy in this Particular may not run into Effeminacy? A due Mixture of Consonants is certainly necessary to bind the Words, which may be otherwise too much dissolv'd, and lose their Force. And as Theatrical Musick expresses a Variety of Passions, it is not requisite, even for the Advantage of the Sound, that the Syllables shou'd every where languish with the same loose and vowelly Softness.

But what is certainly of much more Consequence in Dramatical Entertainments, is, that they shou'd be perform'd in a Language understood by the Audience. One wou'd think there shou'd be no need to prove this. The great Pleasure in hearing Vocal Musick, arises from the Association of the Ideas rais'd at the same time by the Expressions and the Sounds. Where these Ideas are separated, half the Impression is wanting ; and where they are improperly join'd, it is imperfect. It is probable too, that the Pleasure we receive from the most pathetic Strains of Instrumental Musick, is in part assisted by some Ideas, which we affix to them, of Passions which seem to be express'd by those Strains. If the *Airs* in Opera's may be heard with Delight for the same Reason, even when the Words are not understood, yet it is impossible the Recitative shou'd give Pleasure, which can raise no such Ideas ; this being not so properly singing, as speaking in Musical Cadences. And the use of it seems to be introduc'd for the very same Reason which is given by Aristotle, for the establishing the use of the Iambick Verse in the Greek Tragedy, which is, that though it has not the Charms of some other kinds of Verse, yet it is more proper for Action and Dialogue, as it approaches nearer to common Speech. Thus Recitative Musick takes its Rise from the natural Tones and Changes of the Voice in speaking, and is indeed no more than a sort of modulated Elocution.

The Story on which this Opera is form'd is well known. The first Foundation of it is in Homer, who has represented Calypso as a Goddess in Love with Ulysses, and detaining him by insidious Arts in the Island Ogygia, a small Spot of Land, situate (according to Ortelius) just below the South Coast of Italy, in the
Ionian

Ionian Sea. The celebrated Author of *The Adventures of Telemachus* has rais'd his Invention upon this, by supposing that the Son of Ulysses was cast on the same Island after his Father had left it. The Character of Minerva attending Telemachus in the assum'd Person of Mentor, a Prince who was his Father's Friend, is likewise Homer's, but further improv'd by the modern Author. To adapt this Story to the Stage, it was necessary to change some of the Incidents; and the Part of Proteus is added, to give it the greater Variety.

I am sensible that the Success of Entertainments of this kind depends chiefly on the Musick, and that it is not usual to expect any thing exact in the Writing. I hope therefore I shall be allow'd the same Indulgence, which others have had on the like Occasions. The Difficulty of confining the Scenes to such short interchang'd Stages of Recitative and Airs, and of binding the Sense in such chosen Measures and Syllables, as will best give the Composer Room to display his Skill, is indeed very great; yet notwithstanding this, some Examples of Opera's and Poems for Musick, originally written in our Language, with great Beauty of Thought and Expression, have shewn us, that the Poetical Part is capable of very agreeable Heightnings. An Opera, I think, is to be consider'd as a Species of Poetry, compounded out of the Lyric and Dramatick Kinds, admitting of all the Beauty of the first, united with Part of the latter. The Supernatural and Allegorical Persons, which may on some Occasions be introduc'd in it, tho' not allow'd in Tragedy, are amusing to the Imagination; and tho' these are Characters form'd beyond the Bounds of Nature and Reality, there is a kind of Poetical Nature that presides here, and ought to regulate the Poet's Invention and Conduct.

I cannot conclude without acknowledging the Pleasure I have had, to find the Words of this Opera so naturally express'd in the Musick, that I believe the Gentleman who has compos'd it, has offer'd a much more prevailing Argument than any I cou'd urge, to shew that the English Language is capable of the most agreeable Graces of Harmony. I have mention'd this without his Leave, yet cou'd not refrain from doing him a Justice, which I perswade my self will be confirm'd by the Opinion of the most disinterested Judges.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Calypso, a Goddess inhabiting } Signiora
the Island Ogygia. } Margarita.

Eucharis, the Chief of her Nymphs, Signiora Manina

Telemachus, a young Grecian } Mrs. Barbier,
Prince, the Son of Ulysses.

Mentor, attending Telemachus as
his Friend, and known to him only } Mrs. Pearson,
under that Quality, but is Mi-
nerva conceal'd in the Person of }
Mentor.

Proteus, a Sea-God, the Son of
Neptune and Tethys; represen- } Mr. Leveridge.
ted by the Poets, as having a
Power to transform himself into
all manner of Shapes.

Nymphs attending Calypso.

SCENE The Island Ogygia.

Calypso



Calypso and Telemachus.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Sea-Shore.*

Calypso, Eucharis.

Calypso looking towards the Sea.

Cal. **H**ER E, on this Beach he stood, the
Pride of Greece,
'Twas here from my forsaken Isle
The fam'd *Ulysses* parted.

B

Nor

Calypso and Telemachus.

Nor cou'd eternal Spring that blossoms here,
 The Promise of Immortal Youth,
 Nor all my soothing Arts——Ah cruel Hero!
 Engage thy Stay.

I saw thee climb the Ship, I saw thee sail,
 T'ill far in trackless Seas I lost the Sight,
 Then turn'd away my Eyes, which since
 Have serv'd me but to weep thy Absence.

*For thee the rilling Waters weep,
 That dash from Rocks, or softly creep
 In Murmurs to the Sea.*

*The Winds that o'er my Island blow,
 Bear on their breezy Wings my Woe,
 And sighing call for thee.*

*For thee the rilling Waters weep,
 That dash from Rocks, or softly creep
 In Murmurs to the Sea.*

Euch. Behold, divine Calypso,
 Two gallant Strangers from the Shore
 Are this way moving

At

Calypso and Telemachus.

3

At yonder Creek I saw them first appear.

Cal. The Seas run high—'T was such a Day as this
When first I saw *Ulysses*.

Alas! unknowing I pronounce that Name,
Still the fond Sound dwells flattr'ing on my Tongue;
Ulysses! O Ulysses!

Euch. See, here they come.

Cal. Eucharis,
Withdraw with me, and let us mark them.

[They retire to a Corner of the Stage.]

B 2

Tele-

4 *Calypso and Telemachus.*

Telemachus and Mentor enter at a Distance.

SCENE II.

Calypso, Eucharis, Telemachus, Mentor.

Tel. Ye gracious Gods!
To what new Trial have you hither brought me?

*I go——yet know not where,
Fate leads, and I obey.*

*The Brave still free from Fear,
Pursue their destin'd Way.*

*I go——yet know not where,
Fate leads, and I obey.*

Cal. aside.] 'Tis he, the lovely Youth, *Ulysses* Son!
His Father lives express'd in every Feature.

'Tis——O my conscious beating Heart! ——

'Tis he, it is *Telemachus*.

[Advances to them as they are going off.
Young

Calypso and Telemachus.

5

Young Stranger, stay!
The Land you tread is mine;
How have you dar'd t' approach it without Leave?

Tel. O Nymph Divine! for such thy Form be-
speaks thee,
A sudden Shipwreck cast me on your Isle,
Pity th' unhappy Son of Great *Ulysses*,
That wand'ring seeks his Father;
My Father wand'ring too o'er Seas and Land
Has spent whole Years;
Since from *Troy's* famous Siege returning home,
By Fates averse detain'd,
He strives, in vain, to reach his native Shore,
That seems to fly before him.

Cal. aside.] O he is all *Ulysses*!—But that Friend!
Who is he, or from whence?
Severest Wisdom sits upon his Brow,
And Majesty Divine!
I'm aw'd, and wish him hence.

To

To Tel.] Well, Royal Youth!
 All things shall smile, and thou may'st here be
 happy.

Thy Father——but I will not tell thee now——
 First, let me lead thee to my Grotto; there
 In gentle Sleep thou shalt forget thy Cares,
 And waking bless the Storm that drove thee hither.

*Pleasing Visions shall attend thee,
 Soft Repose and blooming Joy.*

*Smiling Hours the Gods shall send thee,
 Happy then their Gifts employ.*

*Pleasing Visions shall attend thee,
 Soft Repose and blooming Joy.*

[Exeunt Calypso, Telem. and Mentor.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Eucharis.

Is this *Calypso*?— This the mourning Fair,
That taught the vocal Caves, and ev'ry Eccho
To murmur and complain for lost *Ulysses*?
This young *Ulysses* fires her Soul, I saw,
I saw it in her Eyes;
She gaz'd, she smil'd, and call'd out all her Charms,
To sooth him into Fondness.

The

*The Cave of Proteus arises, adorn'd with
Coral, Shellyfish, &c. Sea Monsters represented
around it.*

SCENE IV.

Proteus, Eucharis.

Prot. Lovely Fair !

Euch. Godlike he look'd and spoke !
While she——

Prot. Behold thy Lover !

Euch. With Rapture saw and heard
What well might charm a Goddess.

Prot. Behold me, hear me,
Thy Lover *Proteus*——

Euch.

Euch. seeing him.] O the frightful Form!
But doubly frightful now. *[Aside.*

Pro. Proteus adores thee.

Euch. O Telemachus ! *[Aside.*

Pro. The Son of Ocean wooes thee to his Bed,
In Coral Caves, and Grots of shining Amber.

Euch. Alas ! *[Aside.*

Prot. On the green Flood I oft have seen
The sporting Sea-Nymphs in a Row,
Shine in the Court of *Neptune* ;
Yet *Galatea*, if she view'd thy Face,
Wou'd dive beneath the Waves ;
Nor *Amphitrite's* self is half so lovely.

Euch. If I am lovely, will that make thee so?
Proteus forbear——
Of all the various Shapes thou canst assume,

C

Thou

Thou hast not one to please me.

No, no— you'd deceive me,

Still changing,

And ranging,

So various a Lover

I never can bear.

Go, leave me,

Thou Rover !

To the Winds and the Waves thy Passion discover,

They sooner will hear.

No, no— you'd deceive me,

Still changing,

And ranging,

So various a Lover

I never can bear.

[Exit Eucharis.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Proteus.

Stay, wandering Nymph!— if I am full of Change,
Thou fly'st from thy own Likeness.

Stay— hear the Prophet, if you hate the Lover,
Proteus will tell thee— but she's gone—

That all the various Shapes he can assume,
Are not so various as one courted Beauty ;

That Winds, and Waves, and shifting Sands,
All, all are Female—yet I'll follow her.

E'er this she smil'd, and now she frowns ;
Anon she'll smile again,

While I alone am constant.

Pursue, pursue the flying Fair ;

Tho' she fly thee,

'Tis to try thee ;

'Tis a Folly to despair.

Pursue, pursue the flying Fair.

[Exit after her.

S C E N E VI. *Calypso's Grotto.*

Calypso, Telemachus, Mentor, Eucharis,
and Nymphs attending on Calypso.

Cal. Behold ! my royal Guest,
The verdant Beauties of this Isle
Wear a new Bloom to welcome thee.
The spreading Vines new dress their Leaves,
The sprouting Flow'rs rejoice ;
And Lawrels, that imbowring shade this Grotto,
Spring fresh, as if aspiring to thy Brows.
Here end thy Labours,
And live for ever blest.

Tel. O bounteous Goddess ! O delightful Scene !
What Thanks can I repay ?

*A thousand Raptures fill my Breast,
And glow thro' ev'ry Vein;*

*How bright is Joy, how grateful Rest,
Succeeding Toil and Pain!*

*A thousand Raptures fill my Breast,
And glow thro' ev'ry Vein.*

Cal. aside.] I know not why, yet still that Chief
unknown

Disturbs my Sight——

His Looks chastise the Pleasures of this Place,
And damp my rising Joy.

Tel. Ye Pow'rs! where-e'er I turn my Eyes,
New Prospects rise to view, new Wonders charm me,

Cal. Thy Father here enjoy'd seven blisful Years.

Tel. My Father!——

Cal.

14 *Calypso and Telemachus.*

Cal. And had he stay'd till now, had still been
happy.

Tel. O say, Divine *Calypso*!
Where may I find the King of *Ithaca*,
Where may I find my Father?

Cal. Alas!——thy Search is vain,

Tel. O never will I cease,
Till join'd in his Embrace,
With mutual Joy I bless him, and am blest.

Cal. Then know, when he forsook this Isle,
His Ship was lost;
And he——Enquire no more.

Tel. What do I hear?— Where am I?
O *Ulysses*!

If

*If in Elizian Plains he roves,
And silent wanders thro' the Groves;
O let me thither be convey'd!
I'll die to meet his happy Shade,*

Cal. No—Live ; be warn'd, and shun thy Fa-
ther's Fate :

Within this Island grows Ambrosial Fruit,
Whose Juice unfading Youth bestows ;
When thou hast tasted this, no more
Shall mortal Care approach thee.
Now take secure thy Rest ;
An inner Grotto is prepar'd
For thee and thy brave Friend ;
Where falling Currents from the Hills,
At distance heard, invite to easy Slumbers ,
While Nightingales, that haunt the neigh'ring
Woods,
Cheer all the Hours of Darknefs.

*No more let Sorrow wound thee ;
Here Peace, still hov'ring round thee,
Shall smoothly guide the Night.*

*And Phœbus ev'ry Morning,
With Pleasures new returning,
Shall bless the dawning Light.*

[Exeunt Cal. Euch. and Nymphs.]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Telemachus, Mentor.

Tel. O *Mentor*, best of Friends,
My Guide and my Support !
What canst thou say to sooth my swelling Grief?

Ment. Thy Grief is pious ;
And yet I fear——

Tel. Why dost thou chide me with thy Eyes ?
O speak!——
Thy gloomy Silence wounds me.

Ment. Then hear me : Let thy Father's Image
Live in thy Soul, and waken all thy Virtue.

Tel. Can I forget my Father— Let these Tears
Speak how I mourn his Loss.

D

Ment.

Ment. Alas! thou dost not see
What Dangers here surround thee.

Tel. Danger!— from whence?
Calypso smiles.

Ment. So smil'd of late the Ocean;
And yet the Storm arose, by which the Ship,
Ev'n on this Shore, this faithless Shore, was split.

*Let not Pleasure's Charms undo thee;
Trust not the deluding Joy.*

Tho' the Syren softly woos thee,

Gayly smiling,

And beguiling,

She'll thy nobler Bliss destroy.

*Let not Pleasure's Charms undo thee;
Trust not the deluding Joy.*

Tel.

Tel. Speak thus for ever ! when I hear thy Voice,
 I think the Gods themselves
 Vouchsafe to give me Counsel.
 I now perceive thy Fears,
 Left I forget my Country—~~No~~—
 I'll leave this charming Place,
 Wou'd the kind Gods but point me out the way,
 And favour my Return.

TWO VOICES.

Ment. *Hark, how the Voice of Fame
 Calls loudly, Come away !*

Tel. *I hear th' immortal Claim,
 I hear, and I obey.*

Ment. *Come, come away.*

Tel. *I hear, and I obey.*

Ment. & Tel. *The Hero's Soul with native Fires,
To Glory's noblest Height aspires,
And scorns supine Delay.*

Ment. *Hark, how the Voice of Fame
Calls loudly, come away!*

Tel. *I hear th' immortal Claim,
I hear, and I obey.*

Ment. *Come, come away.*

Tel. *I hear, and I obey.*

End of the First ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A large Hall, adorn'd with Trophies, Suits
of Armour, &c.*

Eucharis and Telemachus.

Euch. SEE the fair Palace built to entertain
Troy's greatest Foe, thy conqu'ring Sire!

Trophies of finish'd War behold
Thus plac'd around, to fill the Hero's Soul
With pleasing Visions of his Labours past!

Tel. The Sight reproaches me——
Why do I languish here?
Is there no Troy for me to conquer?
To Arms to Arms!—*Mentor*, my Friend, where art
thou?
Lead me to War, to Danger, and to Glory,

Euch. What means *Telemachus*?

Tel.

Tel. Let me implore, fair Nymph, thy Aid
To hasten my Departure.

Euch. Depart?—it must not, cannot be;
Alas! thou dost not know *Calypso*.
'Twas thus *Ulysses* perish'd by her Rage;
She, she destroy'd thy Father.

Tel. So kind, and yet so cruel!—Let me fly
Far from her sight—

Euch. Fly her Revenge you cannot, if you go;
But if you stay,
By me assisted to elude her Arts,
You here may live in Peace.

Tel. Thy generous Pity moves me—

Euch. Perhaps there is a kinder Reason too—
O stay!

How shall I speak my secret Pain?

Yet how that Pain conceal?

Alas! ev'n Silence now is vain,

My Looks my Heart reveal.

How shall I speak my secret Pain?

Yet how that Pain conceal?

Tel. What do I feel. [*Aside*]——Turn not away
those Eyes,

But look again——and fix me here for ever.

Ambition, cease t'alarm me!

Empire and Fame adieu!

Love only now can charm me;

And only Love from you.

Ambition cease t'alarm me!

Empire and Fame adieu!

[*Towards*

[Towards the end of the Air, Mentor enters, and stands privately at a corner of the Stage.]

Euch. Unhappy *Eucharis*!

Tel. O why that Sigh?
Why those soft Eyes of Sorrow?

Euch. I've heard too much—Farewel!

Tel. You will not leave me?

Euch. Mentor, thy Friend, will soon be here
And summon thee away.

Tel. Thou seest I have no Pow'r to go,
Why dost thou then upbraid me?

Euch. It was a sudden Fear
That chill'd my boading Heart.
But see!—the early Morning calls

To rural Sports, wilt thou with me
Go share the Pleasures of the sprightly Chase?

Tel. With thee, those Pleasures will have double
Charms.

Euch. I'll hasten and prepare a Sylvan Train,
And e'er the Sun has drawn the Dews away,
I will attend thee to the Woods
To hunt the flying Prey.

*In all her Charms Aurora gay,
Now smiling from the Sky appears.*

*Rejoycing Birds salute the Day,
And every Grove new Beauty wears,*

*In all her Charms Aurora gay
Now smiling from the Sky appears.*

[Exit *Euch.*

E Mentor

Mentor comes forward.

SCENE II.

Mentor, Telemachus.

Ment. Where is the Son of that Immortal Hero,
Wife, Valiant, great in Arms, that vanquish'd Troy?
Where is *Telemachus*, the Heir
Of all his Father's Virtue?

Tel. Alas! my conscious Eyes betray me. [*Aside.*

Ment. If thou art he—*Ah no!*—*Telemachus*
Wou'd not thus coldly meet his Friend,
Who brings him news of Joy.

Tel. My secret Woes——

Ment. What secret Woe is that
Which *Mentor* may not share? I come to tell thee
The Gods have heard thy Pray'rs.

Tel. *Aside*] O too enchanting Beauty!

Ment.

Ment. I saw just now the Bird that bears the
 Thunder
 From Heav'n descend, then tow'ring rise again,
 And o'er th' adjacent Grove
 Full to the Point of opening Day
 I mark'd his steady flight.
 That way great Jove provides
 The Means for our Departure.

*No longer let these Looks of Grief
 Thy drooping Courage show!*

*Tel. Aside.] O cruel Heav'n!—by this Relief
 I'm deeper plung'd in Woe.*

*To Mentor.] But, since Ulysses is no more,
 Why must we leave this Place?
 Why court new Danger?*

Ment. Hast thou forgot thy Native Land,
 The best of Mothers there,
 And fair *Antiope*, that Royal Maid
 That secret sighs for thee?
 All these demand thee.

Tel. After so many tedious Years
 Who now expects *Telemachus*?
 Perhaps e'er this some neighbouring Prince
 Too potent to be long deny'd,
 Usurps my Father's Bed and Throne,
 How cou'd I bear that sight? yet how revenge
 Where certain Death wou'd meet me?

Ment. Vain Fears!—Imagin'd Danger!
 Confess, inglorious Youth, the real Cause——

Tel. Is Immortality then offer'd here
 A Cause Inglorious?

Ment. It is—Nor can you here obtain it;
 Or if you cou'd——
 What is it here but Life prolong'd in Shame?
 Farewel!— [*Going he turns back several times,*
 Yet must I leave thee?
 I must——the Gods will have it so——
 I see thee lost, undone!
 What can I do to save thee?

Fatal

*Fatal Change! — what do I see?
No more, alas! no more in thee
The Hero now I trace.*

*Where is now the sprightly Fire,
That did thy God-like Soul inspire,
And shew'd thy generous Race?*

*Fatal Change! — what do I see?
No more, alas! no more in thee
The Hero now I trace. [Exit Mentor.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Telemachus.

He's gone—and I—unhappy!
 His parting Looks and Voice
 Have struck a shiv'ring thro' my Veins;
 As if with him my Guardian Genius
 Were fled for ever from me.
 I'll haste and follow him—Ah no!
 What Magick holds me here?

O Mentor!—Eucharis!

O my divided Heart!

Thy Charms alone, victorious Beauty!
 Can calm this Tempest of my Soul,
 And sooth me into Peace.

O Cupid, gentle Boy,
 Restore me to the Fair!

To Love's auspicious Joy
 I'll fly from gloomy Care.

O Cupid, gentle Boy,
 Restore me to the Fair!

[Exit,

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Grotto.*

Calypso.

Shall Greece the beauteous Youth regain?

Shall he too, like *Ulysses*, leave me?

No— Here in soft endearing Chains

I'll hold him ever mine.

O mighty Love!

What is thy Flame in human Breasts,

When I a Goddess yield

To thy superior Sway.

All Hail, Imperial Love!

Not Jove himself, Immortal Jove,

From thy great Pow'r is free.

The spacious Realms of Earth and Sea,
And all the Azure Plains above,

All, all are full of thee.

All Hail, Imperial Love!

Not Jove himself, Immortal Jove,

From thy great Pow'r is free.

— And I unknown? —

SCENE

SCENE V.

Calypso, Mentor.

*Cal. Mentor alone! [Aside]—Illustrious Greek,
Where is Telemachus?*

*Ment. Does not Calypso know?
The Forrest now is all his Pleasure.
With Ardour yet unknown
His youthful Breast is fir'd ;
Fair Eucharis—— but sure by thy Command,
Invites him to the Chase.*

Cal. Invites him, when ?

Ment. Ev'n now.

Cal. Didst thou say Eucharis?

*Ment. Bright Eucharis,
Thy loveliest Nymph, and, next thy self, divine.*

*Cal. aside.] It cannot be—— with Eucharis!
And I unknowing?——*

SCENE

O

Calypso and Telemachus. 33

O! 'tis too plain——Haste, haste to Proteus,
Say, I must see him here. [*To one of her Attendants.*

To Ment.] But have you left your Friend?
Will you not follow him?
Or why, to share these Silvan Sports,
Why is not Mentor there?

Ment. Why not Calypso?

*From me, from thee he turns his Eyes ;
To lonely Glades,
To distant Shades,
From me, from thee he flies.*

*He glows, he burns with new Delight ;
What can inspire
This wondrous Fire?
What Charms, than thine more bright?*

*From me, from thee he turns his Eyes ;
To lonely Glades,
To distant Shades,
From me, from thee he flies.*

[Exit Mentor.]

SCENE VI.

Calypso.

Then let him fly——

Calypso scorns the Scorners.

Yet fly to whom?— To *Eucharis*?——

Rise, rise, ye Storms, the Forrest shake!

Fall Lightning on the kindling Groves,

And blast——Ah no!——yet spare *Telemachus*.

Perhaps belov'd, he loves her not again——

But sure I've seen their guilty Eyes

Meet in secret Looks of Passion.

Shall I then yield him?——No,

I'll yet secure the lovely Prize,

And yet he shall be mine.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Proteus, Calypso.

Prot. See, Goddess of this happy Land!

Proteus is here at thy Command.

*For thee I leave my oozy Caves
On the green Margin of the Waves.*

See, Goddess of this happy Land!

Proteus is here at thy Command.

*Cal. Hear, Son of Neptune, hear
Why Calypso calls thee hither.
A beauteous Nymph adorns my Train,
Belov'd by thee——I know thy Passion.*

*Pro. She flies my vain Pursuit,
Yet warms me more
Than the bright Sun, whose chearing Beams
Each Noon I seek, while my Sea-herds
Sleep on the weedy Shore around me.*

Cal. This Day shall see her thine.

Prot. O mighty Bliss!

Cal. But first attend what Love and I enjoin thee.
A Grecian Stranger is thy Rival. —
Hast to the Woods, and find these Lovers there.
Perplex their Way, disturb the Chase,
And Eucharis, by me bestow'd,
Shall be thy fair Reward.

Let Love inspire thee;
And more to fire thee,
Rage, Hope, and jealous Hate combine.

Haste, haste to gain her;
By Art obtain her,
And make th' inconstant Beauty thine.

Let Love inspire thee;
And more to fire thee,
Rage, Hope, and jealous Hate combine.

SCENE

SCENE VII. *The Woods.*

Prelude of Instrumental Musick.

*Telemachus, Eucharis, and Nymphs enter
as to the Chase.*

Euch. The spacious Woods are all around us;
There lies our Way.

Tel. All I see and hear delights me.
Sure these are great *Diana's* Train,
And thou the Goddess.

Hark! the hollow Groves resounding

Eccho to the Hunter's Cry!

Hark how all the Vales surrounding

To his cheering Voice reply!

Now so swift o'er Hills aspiring,

He pursues the Gay Delight,

Distant Woods and Plains retiring

Seem to vanish from his sight.

Hark! the hollow Groves resounding

Eccho to the Hunter's Cry!

Hark how all the Vales surrounding

To his cheering Voice reply!

Euch.

Euch. See, see!—near yonder Brake
Behold the listning Deer!

Tel. Lead on; and, like thy conqu'ring Eyes,
Unerring be thy Hand. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX.

After a Prelude of Instrumental Musick, Telemachus Re-enters.

Tel. I've lost the Track——Sure there's Enchantment here.

A rising Vapour, like a Cloud,
This Moment stop'd my Pace,
And spread a sudden Night around me.

'Tis gone——Where's *Eucharis*?——

My Ear will Guide me;

This way I hear the Sound.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

Proteus following Telemachus.

Prot. He's now alone,
Nor knows that artful Cloud was *Proteus*;
What Likeness cannot I assume?
I'll follow him,
And in the Form of *Eucharis*,
I'll more distract his Sight.

SCENE

S C E N E XI.

Proteus re-enters in the Shape of Eucharis,
follow'd by Telemachus.

Tel. To find thee here exceeds all other Pleasures,
 But why dost thou retire?
 Why with dejected Looks forbid my Joy?
 O stay, thou brightest Fair!

*[Proteus retires to the further part of the Scene,
 and as Telemachus advances towards him, sinks
 under the Stage: A Tree rises in his stead.]*

Tel. Amazing Change!—What do I see!
 O fatal Loss! O wondrous Tree!
 What envious Pow'r in this Disguise
 Removes my Charmer from my Eyes?

Perhaps this Bark by Magick holds
 Th' imprison'd struggling Beauty.
 Assist me Gods to set her free!

*[Telemachus goes to strike the Tree, which is
 suddenly chang'd into Fire, and vanishes.]*

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Eucharis, Telemachus.

Euch. Telemachus!—alas!—surprize
Sits on thy Brow.
What means this sudden Horror?

Tel. O fair Delusion, stay!
Hover a while to bless my Eyes,
E'er thou again deceive me.

Euch. Thy Words are wild! trembling thy Voice!
Thou dost not know me!

Tel. 'Tis she her self!—'tis *Eucharis*!
My joyful Heart assures me
'Tis she——vain Fears away.

Euch. What Fear?——O say!

Tel. Just now I saw thee here;
I saw thee, or some beauteous Phantom
Smil'd lovely in thy borrow'd Charms;
I gaz'd—but lost thy heav'nly Image——
Which now arose a Tree, but soon
In flashing Fire escap'd my wondring Sight.

G

Euch.

Euch. Wonder no more:
Proteus, that changeful Power, was here,
 Who with unwelcome Passion wooes me,
 And took these visionary Forms
 To drive thee to Despair.

TWO VOICES.

Tel. My Charmer!—*Euch.* My Treasure!

Tel. To meet thee

Euch. To greet thee

Tel. and Euch. { *Is Joy past expressing,*
 No more let us part.

Tel. and Euch. { *With Transport confessing*
 I feel a new pleasure
 That glides thro' my Heart.

Tel. My Charmer!—*Euch.* My Treasure!

Tel. To meet thee

Euch. To greet thee

Tel. and Euch. { *Is Joy past expressing,*
 No more let us part.

End of the second ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Prospect, with Woods at a distance.

Calypso, Proteus.

Cal. SAY didst thou meet his frightened Eyes,
In all thy various Shapes of Terror?
What Savage Form that breeds in Caves,
Or haunts the Hills and sandy Defart
Did *Proteus* wear? say, how didst thou deceive him?

Prot. What Form so likely to deceive
As that of soft enchanting Beauty?
I caught him with the seeming Smiles
Of *Eucharis*——that false, yet charming Fair,

Cal. Where are they now?
You said they met again.

Prot. Yet *Proteus* still was near;
And folded in a Serpent's Train
I lay conceal'd, where weary with the Chase
She led him to a cheering Banquet.

44 *Calypso and Telemachus.*

Curse on the Sight!—I saw, I saw
The Nymphs officious wait around,
And fill in flowing Cups ambrosial Juice
To make the flatter'd Boy Immortal.

Cal. Return, return,
Why did you leave 'em?

Prot. To tell thee, Goddess,
He's now alone; the treacherous Nymph
To hide her Passion comes t'attend on thee.

Cal. *Proteus*, she's thine this Moment——
Alone?—Once more I'll see him? [*Aside.*

Come ev'ry Grace adorn me!
To charm those Eyes that charm me,
Love now thy Aid supply.

Or if th' Ungrateful scorn me,
Ye rising Furies arm me!
Unpity'd he shall dye.

Come ev'ry Grace adorn me!
To charm those Eyes that charm me,
Love now thy Aid supply. [Ex. *Cal.* *Prot.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Canopy in the Wood.*

Telemachus sleeping.

Mentor.

He smiles—he dreams—Gay Visions fill his Soul
Of golden Scenes and bright *Elysian* Pleasure.
O fond deluded Youth!—— *Telemachus,*
When, when wilt thou awake
To Virtue, and to Fame?
He knows not *Mentor* yet—— Sleep on.
Another *Mentor* shall deceive thy Eyes,
E'er yet the destin'd Hour is come to save thee.

[*Exit Mentor.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Telemachus still sleeping.**Calypso.*

This is the Place——Alas!
 What awes me entring here?
 Sure something sacred hovers near him.
 See!—rosy Bloom, and brighter Youth
 Shine in his Face!——Has *Eucharis*
 Improv'd those Charms?——He smiles,
 As if he heard that pleasing Name;
 And even in Sleep he seems to scorn *Calypso*.
 Fond Love be gone——Revenge, Revenge!
 This Spear shall right my injur'd Beauty.

[Snatching his Hunting Spear.]

But see——He smiles again!
 Perhaps he dreams that *Eucharis*
 Has made him now Immortal.
 This to convince thee——No——

[Going to strike, she stops.]

E'er yet I strike the fatal Blow,

I'll tell him how he wrongs me.

Awake ! impending Vengeance see :

Once more behold the Day and me,

Then sink to Shades of endless Night,

And catch with dying Eyes the Light.

Awake ! impending Vengeance see !

Once more behold the Day and me.

He wakes—— my fainting Anger dies.

[Throws away the Spear.]

O Tyrant Love ! O weak Calypso !

Tel. waking.] Where is my Eucharis, my Fair ?

Alas !—— Calypso !——

[Starting.]

Cal. What ! dost thou start to view me here ?

Ungrateful !—— does thy Guilt affright thee ?

Or dost thou know Calypso comes

To take Revenge for all her slighted Bounty.

Tel. Revenge !

Cal. Where is my Eucharis, my Fair ?——

Did not that Name recall thy Doom,

Returning Pity wou'd have spar'd thee.

Tel. My Doom ?—— what Cause—— will great

Calypso——

Cal.

Cal. I'll hear no more.

Fly from my Isle, Invader, fly !

Yet shall my Rage

Like Lightning blast thee in thy Flight.

Fly to thy Nymph, thy *Eucharis*,

And see if she can save thee.

[*Exit Calypso.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Telemachus.

Can Death alarm me?—Do I dream?
Or did I tast the wondrous Juice
That can bestow
Celestial Youth and ever blooming Joy?—
Alas!—still mortal Sorrow pains me.
O *Eucharis*!—O only Fair!
If I must live, yet losing thee,
Take back th' immortal cruel Gift,
And let me die—or still be happy.

H

Hear

SCENE

*Hear me, Love, my Sorrows ending ;
 While I wander thro' this Shade,
 Venus, with thy Doves descending,
 Guide me to the beauteous Maid.*

*All ye smiling Loves attending
 Come in pity to my Aid.*

*Hear me, Love, my Sorrows ending ;
 While I wander thro' this Shade,
 Venus, with thy Doves descending,
 Guide me to the beauteous Maid. [Ex.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Proteus following Telemachus.

Still I trace thee, hated Boy !
Nor shalt thou now escape my Fury——

[Going he turns back.]

Yet stay—— I saw, upon the winding Shore,
As on a pointed Rock I fate,
When first he landed in this Isle,
I saw a Friend of Godlike Port attend him.
I mark'd that Stranger's Mien——
Where is he now?——
I'll wear his Visage, and decoy
My Rival to his Ruin.

Calyppo and Telemachus.

*Ye Monsters that sleep
In Cells of the Deep,
To revenge your great Master prepare.*

*I'll seize, and I'll throw
To the Waves my proud Foe,
Then soon I'll recover the Fair.*

*Ye Monsters that sleep
In Cells of the Deep,
To revenge your great Master prepare. [Ex.*

SCENE

SCENE VI

Eucharis.

He's gone—*Telemachus*!—No Voice replies.

Thro' all the spacious Hollows of the Wood

A sacred Silence reigns.

Telemachus!—Alas!

Ev'n Eccho now is mute.

He's gone——Perhaps for ever.

O *Proteus*! O *Calypso*!

How shall I now appease you?

Cruel Cupid, break thy Darts!—

Love and Conquest are no more.

Vain are all my softer Arts;

Hope deceives me,

Pleasure leaves me,

I must now my Loss deplore.

Cruel Cupid, break thy Darts!

Love and Conquest are no more.

Exit.

SCENE

SCENE VII

The Sea Shore and the Cave of *Proteus*.

Proteus enters in the likeness of Mentor,
follow'd by Telemachus.

Tel. Gods! can it be?

Does *Mentor* then approve my Passion?

How shall I speak

My grateful Soul, and my o'erflowing Joy?

Yet——Whither dost thou lead me?

Proteus enters the Cave, and returns immediately
in his own Shape.

Prot. Behold that *Mentor* now!

Proteus, thy Rival!

Tel. Assist me mighty *Jove*.

Exit.

Prot.

Prot. In *Mentor's* Shape I had no Pow'r to harm thee;

But now thy Life is mine.

[*Telemachus drawing his Sword is seiz'd by Proteus. Mentor enters, and Proteus loosing his hold, runs into the Cave, and sinks with it into the Sea.*]

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

*Telemachus, Mentor.**Tel.* What Hand Divine?—My Friend!—'tis he, the real Godlike *Mentor*!

Yet how can I with guilty Eyes behold him?

Ment. Return, return to Friendship and to Glory!*Tel.* O no—I'm lost in Shame.

Why did you save me?—let me dye—

Yet let me dye within those generous Arms!

I cannot live—

And think how I have wrong'd thy wondrous
Bounty.*Ment.* This glowing Virtue on thy Cheek
Restores thee to thy self and me.Yet fly—*Telemachus*!

Fly from this enchanted Ground

That

Calypso and Telemachus. 57

That sinks away beneath thee ; Snares and Ruin
Are spread thro' all the treacherous Soil.

Tel. Lead me, my Guardian Spirit, save me!
But oh!——

Ment. What is that breathing Sorrow?

Tel. O *Eucharis* !

Alas ! forgive my Soul's returning Softness.

Ment. Awake from that illusive Dream !
She's gone, the fleeting Shadow's gone ;
Calypso gives her to the changeful God,
The Price of vow'd Revenge on thee.

Tel. O let me once behold the mourning Fair !

Ment. Still she deludes thee.
Th' alluring Cup she lately gave
Was fill'd with noxious Juice
T' inflave thy Reason's nobler Pow'rs.

TWO VOICES.

*Ment. O break the Charm, the Charmer leave,
Nor let her more thy Heart deceive.*

*Tel. I'll break the Charm, the Charmer leave,
Nor shall she more my Heart deceive.*

*Tel. 'Tis done—O false ensnaring Beauty!
In this last Sigh—Farewel. [Aside.*

*[Here a Machine of Clouds descending fills the
Stage, separating Mentor from Telemachus.]*

*Tel. Where am I now? O lost Telemachus?
Does Mentor too forsake me?
See! see what stores of Vengeance are descending?
Great Jove—I wait thy mighty Will,
Here end my Life, or ease my Sorrow!*

Joy forsakes me, Hope is fled.

Break ye low'ring Clouds asunder,

Pour your Thunder

Quick on this devoted Head!

Joy forsakes me, Hope is fled.

[The Clouds opening on a sudden, the Stage is illuminated, and in the midst of the Machine *Mentor* now appears as *Minerva*.]

I 2

SCENE

SCENE IX.

*Minerva, Telemachus.**Min. Telemachus!* despair no more.*Tel.* O all ye Pow'rs!
What Sound familiar strikes my Ear!
What Glories open to my Sight!*Minerva's* Form!—the Voice of *Mentor*!*Min. Minerva* now behold,
Who long conceal'd in *Mentor's* Form
Attended thee thro' ev'ry Danger,
To guide thy wandring Youth, and in thy Soul
To raise and finish all the growing Hero,
Fly false Delights!—*Ulysses* lives.
Calypso wrong'd thy fond belief;
Ulysses lives, and thou again shalt see him.*Tel.*

Calypso and Telemachus. 61

Tel. *kneeling.*] Daughter of Jove! Celestial Maid!
O let me ever thus adore thee.

Min. Arise—to *Itaca* I'll now convey thee;
There bright *Antiope*,
That beauteous Daughter of the *Cretan* King,
Shall Crown thy chaster Love
With ev'ry Charm, and ev'ry Royal Virtue.
Think on the Honours of thy Race, and know,
When hoary Age and ripening Fame
Shall gather to the Gods thy Sire,
Telemachus shall fill his Throne,
And shine in all his propagated Glory.

See

62 *Calypso and Telemachus.*

*See those golden Beams, how bright !
Heav'n descends in streaming Rays,
And foreshows thee joyful days.*

*Pallas guards thee,
Jove Rewards thee ;
Happy Tears begin their flight.*

*See those golden Beams, how bright !
Heav'n descends in streaming Rays,
And foreshows thee joyful days.*

[*Telemachus goes into the Machine with Minerva.
As it is ascending, Calypso, Proteus and Eu-
charis enter.*]

SCENE

SCENE X.

Calypso, Proteus, Eucharis, and Nymphs.

*Prot. Calypso, see where he ascends !
Behold the Pow'r Divine that guards him,
Mentor no more, but great Minerva !*

Cal. aside.] O hated sight !——

*Euch. O Proteus ! what have I endur'd
For scorn of thee ?*

*Prot. Complain no more ; but smile, and make
me happy.*

*Cal. Robb'd of my Love and my Revenge !
Jove, 'tis thy Will——I'll hence, away,
And give a loose to Frenzy and Despair.
'Tis vain to strive against superior Gods ;
Yet shall my Fury blast the tainted Earth,
And split the trembling Rocks around me.*

*No longer here shall Nature smile,
 Nor Spring perpetual grace my Isle;
 Hence all ye flatt'ring Pleasures, fly!
 Eternal Gloom blot out the Day!
 Fade ev'ry Flow'r! each Tree decay!—
 O that Calypso too cou'd dye!*

